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CERTUM PETE FINEM



**G**RADUATION

**E**XERCISES

— OF —

**GOULD'S ACADEMY**

Bethel, Maine

Thursday, June 8th, 1911



MUSIC BY

**PETTENGILL'S ORCHESTRA**

## PROGRAMME.

March.

Invocation.

Music.

Salutatory,

Leslie Ernest Davis

Athens Under Pericles,

\*Mae Eva Cross

Our Present Opportunities,

Daniel Clinton Bennett

Unknown Heroes,

\*Eola Marie Swan

Address to Undergraduates,

Irving Russell Harriman

Music.

Class History,

Ida Mae Packard

Child Labor,

\*Freeborn Bartlett Bean

Class Oration—*Certum Pete Finem*,

Orlando Parker Russell

Athletics,

\*Harry James Rand

Friendship,

\*Bertha Myrtle Thurston

Presentation of Class Gift,

Helen Mae Spencer

Acceptance of Gift.

Music.

My Favorite Author,

\*Alice Mary Smith

Class Will,

Thomas Israel Brown

Aerial Navigation,

\*Eshborn Oscar Judkins

Famous Women of History,

\*Lula Bessie Cummings

Will It Pay?

\*Roy David Thurston

Class Prophecy,

Alta Winona Smith

Music.

Perseverance,

\*Mildred Angie Chapman

Modern Inventions,

\*Carl Leslie Brown

Presentation of Gifts to Class,

Edna Mae Bartlett

Liquid Air,

\*Ivan Winfield Arno

Fifty Years Hence,

\*Blanche Winnifred Richardson

Valedictory Address,

Mary Constance Stanley

Music.

Conferring of Diplomas.

Singing Class Ode.

Benediction.

\*Excused.

## CLASS ODE.

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ALICE MARY SMITH.

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(AIR,—“Love’s Old, Sweet Song.”)

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Our happy school-days all are o’er at last,  
But to us all come mem’ries of the past.  
Duty now is calling to a broader way,  
Hence we must sing our parting song today;  
And though we leave these halls to us so dear,  
Long will our thoughts in mem’ry linger here.

### CHORUS:

Just a song at parting, friends and school-  
mates dear,  
Just a song at parting, while we linger here;  
Gould’s, our alma mater, we’ll remember long,  
And whene’er we gather, sing Gould’s old  
song,  
Sing Gould’s dear old song.

Though here at Gould’s our lessons all are  
done,  
In life’s great school, our work in just be-  
gun.  
If through it all, we “seek a certain end,”  
Heaven will at last its richest blessing send;  
And till the end, when life’s dim shadows  
fall,  
We’ll keep Gould’s memories, loved by us all.

### CHORUS:



